

CHAMBERS' EDINBURGH JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS, EDITORS OF 'CHAMBERS'S INFORMATION FOR THE PEOPLE,' 'CHAMBERS'S EDUCATIONAL COURSE,' &c.

No. 326. NEW SERIES.

SATURDAY, MARCH 30, 1850.

PRICE 1½d.

VISIT TO SUNDERLAND.

TOWARDS the close of the past year it was my fortune to make a pleasant excursion to the north of England, in obedience to a request that I should preside at a public soirée of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Sunderland. Of the meeting on that occasion it is unnecessary for me to say anything further, than that the demonstration was eminently successful, and that I was treated with a degree of consideration infinitely greater than was either expected or deserved. What may be more calculated to entertain the reader, is an outline sketch of a few remarkable things which came under my notice during the excursion, which led me into the heart of that great bustling scene of operations, the northern coal district of England.

On arriving in the morning by railway at Newcastle, a deputation of several gentlemen met me, with the obliging purpose of conducting me through some of the more remarkable manufacturing establishments in that town and its neighbourhood, previous to my proceeding to Sunderland. The object in which I felt most interested was the celebrated High Level Bridge, which has been thrown across the deep valley of the Tyne between Newcastle on the north, and Gateshead on the south, so as to allow railway trains to pass to and fro without stoppage. To this, therefore, we went. Like all strangers, I was much struck with the effect of this magnificent erection, which, as a work of art, is much the finest thing in the north of England, and contrasts very favourably with the old low stone bridge across the Tyne a few yards farther down the river.

The High Level Bridge, erected from plans by Robert Stephenson, Esq. M.P., consists of six arches of open iron-work, which, seen at a distance, appear like a stripe of lace drawn across the sky. At the north end of the bridge, on the Newcastle side of the river, is the old castellated fortress, or keep, which performed an important part in the ancient Border wars. From this end, to the further extremity at Gateshead, the length of the bridge is 1337½ feet, or upwards of 445 yards; its breadth is 32 feet. The piers of the arches are of stone—light, elegant stalks planted in the bottom of the river. These piers are built on piles of wood driven into the soil as deep as the solid rock. The piles were driven by a ponderous steam-hammer—in itself one of the curiosities of the age—at the rate of from fifty to sixty blows per minute: such, indeed, was the rapidity and violence of the blows, that the iron heads of the piles became almost red-hot. On the top of the stone piers rest the iron arches, the construction of which is very peculiar. Each arch may be described as consisting of four bows, or ribs, of cast-iron laid sideways. From point to point, each bow makes a span of 125 feet, with a rise of 17½ feet in the centre. Each bow has, as I may call it, a string of iron rods; the

span, therefore, consists of four strings of iron lying parallel with each other. Now the curious thing about this contrivance is, that the iron bows form a double bridge. The back or top of the bows bears a road for the railway, and joists thrown across the four strings make a lower roadway for the ordinary thoroughfare of foot-passengers, carriages, and horses. Thus there is a bridge above a bridge. The upper bridge appears a giddy height. From the surface of the river, at high water, to the level of the rails, the height is 108 feet 6 inches, and to the suspended carriage-road, 85 feet. I had the pleasure of walking along the upper bridge, and being conducted through the lower by the assistant-engineer, Mr R. Hodgson, who explained a number of the details. The view from the top, looking down on the shipping and the old bridge, also over Newcastle and the spire of St Nicholas, its principal church, is exceedingly picturesque. In entering the lower roadway, we seem to look along a lengthened gallery. In the middle is a road of twenty feet broad for carriages, and at each side a foot-path of six feet. The road is paved with wooden blocks, with gravel in the interstices. While we walked through the gallery, a railway train went overhead roaring like a peal of thunder; and the only thing to be feared is, that the noise of the trains may startle horses. However, it will not be difficult to remedy this. The weight of iron, stone, asphalt, and other materials borne by the slender piers is very great. The weight of cast-iron in each arch is 517 tons; of wrought-iron, 50 tons; wooden planking, 125 tons; paving, rails, and asphalt, 68 tons; making a total weight of 760 tons for each arch. The weight of cast-iron in the whole structure is about 5000 tons. Surmounting all are the wires of the electric telegraph. The bridge was executed with wonderful rapidity. The contracts for this great work were undertaken in August 1846, and in August 1849 the first railway trains passed along it. In September the train bearing her Majesty and suite southwards from Scotland passed along the High Level, in the midst of multitudinous rejoicing. Before the bridge was opened for trains it was exposed to a severe test. Four of the heaviest locomotives were yoked together, and driven backwards and forwards for upwards of an hour; and scarcely anything is more indicative of high engineering skill than the fact, that at this vast trial of its powers of endurance the structure did not show the slightest symptom of weakness or vibration. The work was a perfect work—another triumph of England's greatness in the arts. It is not less gratifying to know that no serious accident took place in the course of its erection. I was told that a remarkable instance of preservation of life had occurred. One of the workmen fell backwards from the upper platform, and was arrested in his descent by the leg of his trousers catching hold of a nail which projected from part of the scaffolding: he remained suspended in air head downwards, until res-

cued from his perilous situation by some of his fellow-workmen! The nail which had been the instrument of this marvellous preservation of course became an object of curiosity to visitors.

The last thing I need to observe respecting the High Level Bridge is its cost. The contract for the stone-work, piling, and scaffolding, was £95,000; and for the iron-work and roadways £112,000: I should suppose the whole cost will be little short of a quarter of a million of money. The contractors for the iron materials were Messrs Hawks, Crawshaw, and Sons, whose foundry at Gateshead I went to see after visiting the bridge. Unfortunately space will not permit of my describing the extent of that large concern—the smelting of iron, beating by steam hammers, forging of anchors, and other matters of interest to a stranger; neither need I speak of the process of making chain cables, a work which requires great nicety, for the safety of a ship depends on the perfect soundness of every link. At another establishment—that of the Messrs Armstrong, which is a model of order and neatness—I had the satisfaction of seeing the manufacture of hydraulic engines. These work like steam-engines; but instead of steam, the agent of motion is only cold water, and no fuel or fire is needed. A pipe of water is led from a height, and that is all. The engine I saw making was intended for pumping water from the extensive lead-mines of Mr Beaumont at Allenheads, which I visited on the occasion of a former trip into Northumberland. The invention of the hydraulic-working engine is one of the most surprising things of the age; and by and by the machine will come into use wherever a pipe of water can be led from an adjoining height. At the quays of Newcastle ships are loaded and unloaded by cranes which are operated on at no expense by this new demonstration of power.

But I must hurry on. My visit to Sunderland opened up a fresh scene of industry, brought me in contact with many intelligent minds, and revealed to me much kindness of feeling. Sunderland is situated at the mouth of the river Wear, and by means of new docks and otherwise, is growing up to be one of the greatest seaports on the east coast of England. Already a greater number of vessels are built by it than any other port in Britain, or in the world; nor, from all accounts, is the port likely to lose its trade of ship-building, as some of its inhabitants feared, by the abolition of the navigation laws. The commissioners of the Wear and its port having placed a barge at my disposal, to visit what seemed interesting, I had the pleasure of being rowed a mile or two up the river, passing in our course underneath the lofty iron bridge of a single arch of 237 feet span, for which Sunderland has long been celebrated. On both banks were abundant signs of activity. The eye everywhere encountered staiths for shipment of coal, and ship-building yards, in which stood on the stocks, ready for launching, as many as ninety-three vessels of different sizes; one a beautiful vessel intended for the East India trade, and which, when finished, would be worth twenty thousand pounds. The idea that the energetic ship-builders of this old-established mart of naval architecture were to be swamped by the mesgre skill and capital of foreign states seemed to me too absurd ever to have been seriously entertained!

The probability of Sunderland attaining a degree of prosperity beyond anything it has hitherto experienced, is evident from the stir now making to extend the harbour accommodation. Formerly the ships which visited the port lay chiefly along the banks of the Wear, and the quays were particularly defective. Now all this is to be remedied: a series of docks on a large scale has just been completed. Conducted over these magnificent works by their accomplished engineer, John Murray, Esq., I had an opportunity of seeing them before the water was admitted, and judging of the vast amount of labour bestowed on their construction. These docks form a frontage to the sea, immediately southward from the mouth of the

Wear, from which they are in the first place to be entered; but afterwards a second entrance, as I understand, is to be formed at the further extremity of the docks, so as to avoid the bar at the mouth of the river. The site of these great works is an excavation from the sea-beach—land, as it were, stolen from the domains of Ocean. This kind of acquisition is, however, perhaps less unusual than the ingenious plan resorted to by Mr Murray for forming a new beach on which the waves may lash themselves at will beyond the outer line of wall. It was a day of bitterly-piercing wind as our party tramped along the rough and newly-formed shore, the white foam of the angry billows careering like snow-drift, and mingling with the showers of dry sand which drove at every step in our faces. To fix the surging sands to the spot, Mr Murray has run out at intervals low walls or barricades, which being at right angles to the beach, the tide at each recess leaves an accumulating deposit; and thus gradually dry land is formed of a sufficient breadth to make an outer quay and roadway. The great dock, sheltered by these exterior defences, measures upwards of eighteen acres, and will accommodate 253 sail of vessels: most of these will be colliers; and to enable them to ship their cargoes with despatch, staiths—a kind of scaffolding projected over the holds of vessels, in connexion with railways from the pits—will be erected along the quays for the accommodation of wagons. The estimated expense of the docks is £275,000, a sum not unworthily spent on so useful an undertaking; but in the mode of raising which by Mr Hudson, in connection with the York, Newcastle, and Berwick Railway Company's affairs, there has unfortunately been too much to lament and condemn. Pity that the achievements of modern art should be so frequently associated with cupidity merging in something worse. Before quitting the docks, I was shown what must be deemed a real curiosity—a handsome lighthouse of stone, 76 feet in height, which, with all its interior fittings, and without the slightest disturbance of parts, was removed from its former situation to the extremity of the pier—a distance of 120 yards!

Sunderland is, properly speaking, two single towns united in one. That part of it most distant from the harbour is called Bishop-Wearmouth; and in this upper section are the finer streets and houses. By means of the lofty iron bridge across the river, access is now gained to the northern side of the Wear, and the houses here constitute a kind of third town, named Monkwearmouth. On this side, at no great distance from the north bank of the Wear, is situated Monkwearmouth coal-mine, which has the reputation of being the deepest pit in the world below sea-level. Having been courteously invited to visit this remarkable mine, the opportunity I thought was too good to be lost, and down accordingly I went. Before descending, as is usual for strangers, I went into a room in one of the adjoining cottages, and there took off all my clothes, and equipped myself in a pitman's dress, with a stick in my hand, and a leathern cap on my head, like that of a London coal-heaver. There are two entrances to the mine—one called the down-cast, and the other the up-cast shaft; the former being employed for admitting fresh air, and the latter for bringing up the used air, along with the smoke of a fire which attracts it from the various parts of the pit. These two orifices of the mine, however, are each employed at the same time for raising coal, and around them respectively are mechanical appliances, with all the bustle of rising and sinking wagons, and turning out the coal which is every moment arriving at the surface. The point of exit is not exactly level with the ground. Over the mouth of each pit is erected a species of wooden house; and to get down the shaft, we begin by ascending a stair to the first storey of this structure, where the wagons from beneath make their appearance through a hole in the floor, and are emptied on large sloping sieves or screens, which separate the dross from the coal. The floor around the orifice is sheathed in plates of iron, to withstand the tear and wear which the wheels of the wagons would inflict on the timbers of the building.

The two shafts are of different depths. The deepest is

the upcast, which reaches to 300 fathoms, or 1800 feet, in sheer descent. The downcast is much less profound; but by means of an inclined plane beneath, it finally reaches the same level. After taking a look of the large steam-engine which works the apparatus, I was invited to descend the upcast shaft; but from its dark abyss there rose so fierce a torrent of smoke and culm, that it seemed to me impossible to go into it and live. My fears of being instantaneously choked only excited a smile; and all declared that I should scarcely feel the smoke after getting fairly into it. But I shrunk from the undertaking as I would have done from going down a chimney in full blow; so I was conducted to the less frightful channel presented by the downcast opening. Now let me describe the way of descending, which is very different from what is practised in Scotland, where a bucket dangling at the end of a rope is the usual and far from agreeable apparatus; but even in some parts of England the improved method is not yet introduced. The shaft at Monkwearmouth is provided from the bottom to the top with posts of wood fixed on two opposite sides. These posts, called 'guides,' may be said to be a kind of railway, against which the apparatus for lifting the coal smoothly glides, to keep it steady. The lifting apparatus, styled the 'cage,' is like a set of shelves of several tiers, strongly held together with iron, and is suspended by a rope from the pulleys of the engine. On being pulled to the top, it rests for a moment while the first shelf is level with the mouth of the pit—that is, level with the orifice in the iron-clad floor above-mentioned—and during this moment a wagon is drawn from it to be emptied; next rises the second shelf to deliver its wagon; and then the third. Now being cleared, the wagons are, one after the other, run back, each with a clang being fixed in its crib, and then down goes the whole out of sight. No language can picture the amazing rapidity with which all this is gone through, there being, as it would seem from long practice, not a single movement which does not tell. The whole thing is like a piece of jugglery. But this is England's greatness. Every man knows what he has to do, and does it well. And then let it be remembered that to these rapid movements the steam-engine keeps exact time; the attendant on that mighty force keeping his eye on certain admonitory bells and hammers which tap in a particular kind of way in obedience to the pulls of the workmen at the top and bottom of the pit. By a certain signal, for example, he knows when visitors or pitmen are coming up, and they are accordingly hoisted with more gentleness than would be a load of coal. Before descending, I may notice another precaution which is adopted. The beams fixed in the shaft are now rendered serviceable in case of accidental breakages of the rope. Formerly, when the rope broke, the apparatus was dashed to the bottom. In the year 1848, as many as eighty-nine persons were killed in England and Wales from this cause alone. Thanks to the genius of Mr Edward Fourdrinier (son of the ill-requited inventor of the paper-making machine), a process has been discovered, and is coming into use, by which deaths from breakage of ropes need no longer take place. The invention is simple. On the top of the cage there is fixed an apparatus of iron clasps, held up in such a manner by the rope as not to touch the side-posts. Should the rope break, the clasps are instantly disengaged, and projecting beyond the edge of the cage, are forced against the posts. By this jamming, the cage is held fast at the point where it happens to be, and there it remains suspended till succour is afforded. As the cage with its contents weighs about two and a-half tons, we may judge of the degree of power exerted by the apparatus in grasping the guide-posts, and saving the whole from destruction. This ingenious application of Mr Fourdrinier is the subject of a patent, and I was glad to learn that it has been extensively adopted in the coal-mining districts of England.

With these preliminary explanations to show that the descent into a coal-pit is no longer so hazardous an enterprise as one would be inclined to imagine, we may be permitted to go down. There were four of us—a confidential viewer or overseer, with two assistants, and

myself. Each clambered into a wagon just emptied of its contents, and sat down crouching with the knees nearly to the face. In my wagon the viewer also packed himself, holding in his hand a *Davy*, or, more properly, a *Clanny*—a safety-lamp of an improved kind, invented by the late Dr Reid Clanny of Sunderland,* by which we had a little light. The live cargo being made up—each wagon pushed into its shelf on the cage—down the whole swiftly and smoothly went into the abyss. The motion, contrary to my expectation, was not unpleasant; and what seemed odd, the sensation was that of going upward instead of downward. There was, however, little time for reflection, for we were speedily at the bottom of the shaft, where we were received and disengaged by the dusky figures in attendance. On gaining my feet, the place in which we had arrived did not appear by any means dismal. We were at the end of a long gallery, which was whitewashed, and lighted with gas—a sort of Thames Tunnel on a rude scale, stretching away into the bowels of the earth. Gas in these subterranean regions was somewhat unexpected; but I experienced still greater surprise on being conducted by a ladder down into a dungeon-looking place, and there shown a gas-manufactory, with a furnace, retorts, and gasometer in full operation. 'How does the smoke of the fire escape?' 'Come this way, and take care of your feet—hold by me,' said Mr B—, my obliging conductor, as he led me into a further gulf of darkness. A door was here cautiously opened—the rush as of a whirlwind was heard—and stooping forward, we looked into the great upcast shaft, the channel of universal exit, in which torrents of smoke ascended with a fury that would almost have driven us before it to the upper world.

We now proceeded along the gallery or tunnel, which, as has been said, was well lighted with gas, encountering as we advanced trains of coal wagons, drawn on a railway by horses under the guidance of boys, on their way to the shaft. Here and there water dropped from the roof, which was for the most part boarded, and the footing was not so bad as I had expected. The tunnel, however, was rather confined in point of width, so that when a train came rattling upon us, we were constrained to stand pretty closely up to the side, to avoid being run over. The spectacle of horses at work in such a situation inspired sorrowful feelings. The poor creatures may be said to be condemned to toil for life underground—never more to see and enjoy the cheerful light of day. One of the horses was white, but drudgery had smeared it with culm and dirt, and I somehow felt more for it than the others. Yet my compassion was said to be thrown away: these horses, like Canning's knife-grinder, had really no tale of woes to tell. There were sixty of them altogether in the mine, and as all were in good condition, it was logically argued that they did not pine for want of sunlight. Fresh provender and water are brought regularly down to them; and to give me an idea of their comforts, I was taken into their stable, which is a large excavation in the side of the tunnel, fitted up with stalls and other conveniences.

* The Davy lamp has 784 meshes in the wire-gauze cylinder in the square inch, and it has long been known that if the meshes were of a more open texture, for the purpose of giving a more suitable light, explosions in coal-mines would be even more frequent than heretofore. Again, if the meshes in the Davy were smaller, so as to afford more safety to the miner, the light of course would be so insignificant that no pitman would attempt to work with such a lamp. It is a curious fact, that the above-mentioned inconveniences are happily obviated in the construction of the Clanny lamp; for in the latter are from 784 to 1296 meshes in the square inch, through which air for combustion passes downwards in safety through the meshes within the whole depth of a very thick glass cylinder; by this arrangement, from scientific discovery, the atmospheric air, when mixed with fire-damp at the exploding point, is rendered innocuous, being greatly expanded, and the flame of the oil lamp continues longer than in that of the Davy, and in perfect safety, readily indicating, through the glass cylinder, any change in respect to the fire-damp contained in the atmosphere of the coal-mine. From the flame of the oil lamp being surrounded by the glass cylinder, no blower or strong current of air at the exploding point can reach the flame, nor can the pitmen light their pipes at the flame; besides, the Clanny lamp gives out from four or five times more light than the Davy.—*Newcastle Journal*, April 7, 1849.

Some of the horses, I was told, had been ten years in the mine, and of course had become quite used to a subterranean life. It seems that after a time their sight becomes impaired, and if taken to the surface, some days would elapse before they regained the natural power of vision.

After inspecting the stable, we prepared to descend the inclined plane. In a small apartment, fitted up with a couple of forms, and jocularly called the 'parlour,' we all stripped ourselves of jackets and other garments, and stood equipped only in a woollen shirt and blue woollen drawers. My conductors laid aside their neckcloths. Thus as lightly dressed as possible, and each with a tallow candle stuck in a piece of moist clay in his hand, we got into wagons, and were let down the inclined plane at a considerable speed—the moving power being a rope over pulleys acted on by the steam-engine above. On arriving at the foot of the incline, which is at the full depth of 1800 feet, I found things a little more rude than in the stage above. There was here no gas, and the galleries, branching out in different directions, were apparently more confined. We had got to the level of the great seam of coal, and what a beautiful seam it was! About five feet thick, it glittered a continuous mass like a wall on each side, and was to all appearance horizontal, and therefore comparatively easy of excavation. Along the principal route towards the workings we bent our way, and walked altogether a distance of perhaps the third of a mile, the channel always getting more confined, and the heat becoming the greater the further we advanced. Yet at this depth, such was the excellence of the ventilation, that there was nothing to complain of as respects breathing. The only thing unpleasant was the necessity for walking in a stooping posture, to avoid knocks on the head by the incumbent roof. The road, be it observed, was still a tramway of rails, to facilitate the exit of the loaded wagons, which in these recesses are not drawn by horses, but pushed along by men. Soon we had occasion to see some of these men engaged in their laborious duties. They were for the most part quite naked, or at best clothed only in a few inches of apron; but all wore coarse buskins, to protect their feet and ankles, and every one of them of course as black as a negro. Receiving the wagons as they were filled, they handed them along from one to another, using a degree of muscular exertion which, along with the heat and closeness, caused the perspiration to pour down their culm-covered skins. Arrived at the spot where the wagons were being filled, we found two parties of men, also the next thing to naked, actively engaged in digging the coal from the seam which blocked up and terminated the pathway. We sat down on a mass of coal just riven from its bed, to watch their proceedings. The temperature, as shown by a thermometer, was $86\frac{1}{2}$ degrees—the heat of a tropical climate. All around us was coal. We were in the heart of the great seam, which stretches for many miles, and is apparently inexhaustible—wonderful when contemplated as the transformation of a luxuriant vegetation which, hundreds of thousands of years ago, had flourished in the light of day, and been afterwards submerged beneath the sands of the ocean and calcareous deposits—still more wonderful when contemplated as a store of the richest fuel prepared and set aside for our use by the hand of a bounteous Providence!

The seam is not difficult to work. By means of a pick, the colliers brought down great masses, which crumbled into small pieces in falling. It was interesting to observe that the surface of the seam crackled and sputtered on being newly exposed. The workmen call this being *free*, and it indicates, they say, a good coal. When a coal is mute, and does not sputter under the pick, it is considered to be of inferior quality. The liberation of confined air or gases is doubtless the cause of the phenomenon. While seated for a few minutes in this murky recess, one of the hewers entertained us with his history: he was a man of colour, and had absconded from slavery in the West Indies. We now retraced our steps along the galleries, ascended the incline in a train of wagons, and finally reached the surface without accident, though in a state

which required some potent ablutions before assuming our ordinary attire. Our visit had occupied about three hours.

This coal-pit may be considered a fair specimen of some of the largest mines. In and about it there are employed nearly a thousand people, and every day it sends a thousand tons of coal to the surface, where they are immediately run off in wagons by a tramway to a staith on the Wear, and shipped. The excavation of the mine was a matter of great labour and expense. The operation of sinking commenced in 1826, and was carried on for ten years, at a cost of £100,000, before the work was crowned with success. The perforation was through a capping of magnesian limestone, and several beds of coal and strata of sandstone were gone through before arriving at the great seam, which it was the important object to reach. In the course of sinking, various springs were come upon, which gave incalculable trouble. The most profuse of these springs was one at the depth of three hundred and thirty feet, which poured water into the workings at the rate of three thousand gallons per minute. This fearful influx was kept under by a steam-engine of two hundred horsepower, and the shaft was made secure by strong metal tubing. At present the works do not seem to be troubled with water. I found them in most places quite dry—a circumstance rather surprising, as they are considerably below the level of the sea, which is only a mile distant, and also below the bed of the Wear, which rolls with its shipping overhead. Maps of the workings, showing the different strata perforated, are kept in the viewer's office, near the mouth of the pit; and from these I traced the line of route which we had lately pursued below ground. Some fine specimens of fossil Flora, the memorials of an ancient era, are preserved by W. Bell, Esq., one of the proprietors of the mine.

I could not, it may be supposed, leave this and other scenes of industry in the north of England without making some inquiry into the social condition of the working-people. I grieve to say that here, as almost everywhere else, accounts of mispent means—intemperance, and the evils that follow in its train—were much too prevalent. One man, a skilled worker in an iron-foundry, was pointed out to me as having for years received a wage of one guinea a day, or six guineas a week. He had spent all, mostly on drink, and now was reduced to a lower department at a wage of a pound a week. That man, said my conductor, might now have occupied a high position if he had behaved himself properly. On going through a glass-work, various instances were mentioned of a similar degree of recklessness; and in answer to a question on the subject, the Scotchmen employed in the concern were said to be 'just as bad as their neighbours.' One man of different tastes and habits was pointed out. He was a Frenchman, dressed in a blouse; and at the time he was blowing glass with a long iron rod in his hand. This species of work is highly paid. That Frenchman, said the foreman of the works, receives £5, 10s. per week, and he is so clever and so steady, that he is cheap at that. On inquiring how he spent his earnings, I learned that he exercised a reasonable economy, and would probably be able to return to his own country with considerable savings. Such accounts as this are exceedingly perplexing. How comes it that we so frequently hear of foreign operatives—men whose religion or no-religion we view with a kind of horror and compassion—being steady in their general behaviour, while our own countrymen, in similar circumstances, give themselves up to indulgences of the most despicable nature? The problem is only explicable on the ground that in foreigners the qualities of *taste* and *self-respect* are more commonly exercised and developed; but why the cultivation of these qualities is less successful among us than in continental Europe, is a question which I have not space here to either consider or answer. That there is nothing in the condition of our humblest workmen really hostile to elevation of taste, is sufficiently evident. When at Sunderland, I had an opportunity of hearing of an instance of self-improvement under the most untoward circumstances. A gentleman connected with the coal-pits invited me to dine with him,

and after dinner he told me his history. He was the son of a pitman, and was sent into the mine at nine years of age. At first, for a year, he acted as a trapper—that is, a boy who keeps a door, and opens and shuts it, to regulate the ventilation; for this he received half-a-crown a week. Next he became a putter—that is, a lad who pushes along the wagons in the workings; and for this terrible drudgery, which, as already mentioned, is done almost in a state of nudity, in consequence of the heat, he received three shillings and sixpence a week. He now, when he went home at night, put himself to an evening school. Next, from his steadiness, he was appointed to attend to the condition of the rails on which the wagons run in the mines; and for this he got higher wages. He now was more intent on educating himself than ever. He saved sixpences and shillings from his wages to pay schoolmasters, learnt drawing and mathematics, and finally studied the kind of engineering applicable to mines. The more he learnt, the more useful he became. He rose from one place of trust to another; and now, said he, here am I at the head of the concern with a salary of five hundred a year! Not only, then, has this person by his own efforts, under God's blessing, raised himself to a position of high local trust, but he has gained the world's esteem, and attained no mean eminence as a mining engineer. All of course cannot expect to reach anything like such a position. But what a different kind of world it would be if every one, as a point of duty, would at all events try!

W. C.

AN ADVENTURE IN BRITTANY.

IN 1843 there dwelt at a place called the Rocher-Fendu, on the coast of Brittany, and not more than ten English miles from the town of St Malo, a man of the name of Pierre Dupont, with his family, consisting of his wife, his mother, and one child. Pierre Dupont was half fisher, half farmer: *propriétaire* not only of the cockleshell in which he, in favourable weather, ventured a few miles to sea in quest of such prey as the teeming waters were disposed to yield without too great a requirement of skill and trouble, but of between three and four acres of middling land, cultivated in accordance with the wisdom of his ancestors. Maître Pierre was not, it will be readily understood, over rich; still, as he had but one child, and as his wife Jeannette, a pretty Grandillaise, was a model of thrift and industry, honest Pierre contrived, by scratching his land, and skimming the seas within easy reach, not only to keep the wolf from the door, but to maintain a very comfortable *ménage*; and on his wife's, his mother's, or his own *jour de fête*, to display a quantity of silver spoons, forks, &c. those indispensable adjuncts of the most modest French *bien être*, that never failed to awaken the admiration, if it did not excite the envy, of the guests bidden to those simple festivals. Altogether, Jeannette had little to complain of in her helpmate, save when the too prodigal waters loaded his boat with so great an abundance of fish, that it could not be disposed of in the village about three miles distant from the Rocher-Fendu, and he had consequently to make a journey or a voyage to St Malo with his finny treasure, an expedition which never failed, according to Jeannette, to demoralise him for several days afterwards. However early he set out in the morning, he never returned till very late at night, sometimes not till the next morning; and there was always a confusion in his accounts with reference to sales and expenditure—for Jeannette, like the great majority of French housewives, was keeper of the privy purse—which nothing but a very liberal discount for wine-shop disbursements could in any way balance or explain.

Upon one of these dangerous errands Pierre was once more departed, accompanied by Jean Collas, his assistant both by land and sea, whose loutish shyness a draft into the conscription—to which honour his growing years would in a few weeks entitle him—would, there could be little doubt, speedily eradicate. The St Malo market happened to be very poorly supplied on this

particular day, and Pierre Dupont's cartload of rare and valuable fish was rapidly disposed of at a very high price, to his own great satisfaction and the huge admiration of Jean Collas, who had seldom before seen so much coined money in one person's possession.

'Ah ça, Jean Collas,' chuckled Pierre, as he pouched the money for the last basketful. 'Voilà qui va pas mal. La bonne femme doit être contente, n'est ce pas?'

Jean Collas replied with a gesture significative of his very decided impression that a woman that would not be satisfied with a canvas bag full of five-franc pieces like that must be a very unreasonable woman indeed.

The cares of the day, as Pierre rashly concluded, over much earlier than he had anticipated, he consulted with Jean as to the advisability of taking a *petit verre* before or after dinner. There was so much to be said on both sides of this important proposition, that Jean and his master found themselves practically deciding it in a favourite cabaret before they had properly commenced the discussion, which, in the presence of the *fait accompli*, they therefore very wisely adjourned to a future day.

'A ta santé, Jean Collas.'

'A vous, Maître Pierre. Dam! mais c'est bon ça!'

They had not been unobserved by certain men unusually quick at arriving at unexpected solutions of difficult problems, especially in matters relating to the laws which govern and regulate the possession of property, and who, by a rule of arithmetic peculiar to themselves, had already reached the conclusion—that, given a bag of five-franc pieces in the possession of two rustics of vinous propensities, a certain desirable result might, by a very simple process in subtraction, be quickly and easily obtained.

The politeness, the frank generosity, the caressing manners of the three gentlemen who entered the Pomme d'Or a few minutes after them, powerfully excited the sympathies of Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas. They were invited to join the new-comers over a bottle of wine in a private room; and when there, the friendship of their entertainers rapidly increased in warmth and intensity. Not a sou would they permit Dupont to pay: they were just returned from Algeria, and their hearts were brimful of love for all Frenchmen. Pierre and Jean listened with avidity to the marvellous campaigns against the Arabs in which their friends had participated, and drank bumper after bumper to the confusion of Abd-el-Kader, and the glory and success of the French marshals and generals who had shed new lustre on the brilliant tricolor. Dupont, modest man as he might be, was still too much a Frenchman to permit himself to be totally eclipsed by the blaze of eloquence and valour which had so unexpectedly burst upon him, and he recounted with much spirit and complacency the various items by virtue of which he claimed respect and consideration from mankind: his farm, his fishing-vessel and apparatus, the quantity of *argenterie* he had inherited and purchased, his pretty Jeannette, were all carefully enumerated for the admiration of his companions, who, to do them justice, listened with a touching interest to all he said as long as he could make himself in the least intelligible. When that point was past, as it ultimately was in the case of both master and man, they considerably advised their going to bed, and not attempting to reach the Rocher-Fendu till the following morning. This friendly counsel being tacitly agreed to, the attentive kindness of the gentlemen went so far as to see them both safely in bed, after having first assisted to undress them; and then, with a gracious 'Au plaisir!' their excellent friends left them to their repose.

How long the unfortunate pair of simpletons slumbered they had no accurate means of testing; but they were at length roused from uneasy, feverish sleep by the rude shaking and shouting of a number of gendarmes who had visited the Pomme d'Or in quest of the very gentlemen by whom they had been so liberally entertained.

'What have you done with the fellows you have been drinking with all day?' demanded one of the officials in an imperious tone.

'Plait-il?' murmured Pierre but half awake, and rubbing his eyes, which he twisted alternately in the direction of the astounding scene before him and Jean Collas' bewildered countenance. 'Plait-il?'

'And your money?' cried another of the officers, lifting up a pair of trousers, of which the pockets had been turned inside out, on the end of his cane, 'what has become of that?'

The eyes of Pierre dilated to their extremest width as the appalling spectacle met his view. 'Vois-tu ça, Jean Collas?' he exclaimed, but without turning his gaze from the fascinating exhibition. 'Mais, voilà du sérieux, ce me semble!'

Serious indeed; and still greater loss and peril to be apprehended if the opinion of the officers, after he had told his story, might be trusted. Active measures were instantly resolved upon; a swift conveyance was immediately procured, and Pierre and Jean, accompanied by two gendarmes, were soon off to the Rocher-Fendu, whither I must, with the reader's leave, for a few hours precede them.

The sultry summer day was rapidly drawing to a close, and still no sign of Pierre and his cart met the anxious gaze of his wife as, her household work long since accomplished, she sat at her opened door looking out upon the road to St. Malo. He had set out very early, and should long since have returned; where could the weak promise-breaker be loitering? Jeannette's fitful anger as she ran over in her busy mind, enlightened by former experience, the uses to which he was in all probability putting his time and money, made her spinning wheel—the constant appendage of industrious French matrons—revolve at intervals with a rapidity utterly fatal to the evenness and regularity of the thread; and but for the placid countenance of her infant son, half-slumbering in a cot hard by, and the sedative influence on herself of the snatches of old songs with which she strove to beguile it to sleep, the good woman would in all probability have soon worked herself into a towering passion. The lids of the child's eyes had just yielded to the lulling influence of its mother's soft, low voice in the gentle melody of *l'Oiseau-bleu*—

'Il est tard; l'Ange est passé;
Le Jour a déjà baissé;
Et l'on n'entends pour tout bruit,
Que le roucouleur qui s'enfuit.
Endors-toi! Endors-toi!
Mon fils, c'est moi:
Il est tard, et ton ami,
L'Oiseau-bleu, est endormi!'

when heavy thunder-drops striking on the casement, followed by a vivid flash of lightning, warned Jeannette of a sudden and violent change of weather. She closed and fastened the door, placed the *riz-au-lait* by the hot fire-embers in preparation for the family supper, and then called to her mother-in-law, Madame Dupont, who had been busy up stairs, to come down. The elderly but still very active dame, who was even more terrified at thunder-storms than her daughter-in-law, hastened to comply. Candles were instantly lighted to render invisible the flashes of the lightning, the mother, with the simple superstition of her class, sprinkled her child with a few drops of *eau bénite*, carefully preserved for such occasions; and then both immediately opened and earnestly conned their prayer-books, in devout deprecation of the divine wrath, manifested, to their untutored imaginations, in the conflict of the elements. These arrangements had been scarcely made, when a loud summons at the door announced an impatient and unusual visitor. It was opened by Jeannette, and a young man, of some five or six-and-twenty years of age, and of gentlemanly dress and aspect, stood before her. 'He had,' he said, 'been loitering in the neighbourhood, and had unfortunately missed the diligence from Avranches to St. Malo. He was already

wetted to the skin, and should be extremely grateful for shelter, and, if possible, a bed, till the morning.' Jeannette concluded in an instant, from the stranger's appearance and accent, that he was an Englishman, and with the frank hospitality of her class and country unhesitatingly acceded to his request. He expressed a wish to put off his wet clothes as soon as possible. A bed in an inner room was instantly prepared for him, and Mr. Henry Talbot, fatigued with his day's rambles, was soon sound asleep. A short time afterwards, Madame Dupont, during a lull in the storm, retired to her bedroom, and Jeannette was left to await in silence and solitude the return of her truant husband.

It was getting very late, and Jeannette began to think that Pierre, not having left St. Malo before the storm burst forth, had determined not to return home till the following morning, when she was startled by another summons at the door—this time fierce and peremptory, and accompanied by the sound of rude voices, enforcing by shouts and cries the demand for instant admittance. Jeannette, startled and alarmed, hesitated to uncloset the door. She had just snatched her infant from its cot with the intention of running up stairs to seek counsel of Madame Dupont, when the frail fastenings gave way, and three fellows, drunk, and desperately savage, reeled into the room, and insolently demanded to know why they had been kept waiting so long in the rain.

Jeannette, pale, trembling, scarcely able to stand for terror, stammered out an incoherent reply; and the ruffians, seating themselves without ceremony, commanded wine and brandy to be immediately placed before them.

'Allons, Jeannette!' cried the leader of the ruffians. 'Wine, brandy of the best, for your husband's friends!'
'My husband!' ejaculated the terrified woman. 'Do you know him?'

'Know Pierre Dupont! Parbleu, intimately!' rejoined the fellow. 'He has sold all his fish, I must tell you; but as he intends passing the night at the Pomme d'Or, he desired us to make his compliments to his charming Jeannette, and bid her give his excellent friends a hearty welcome. So, quick! We are customers that do not love to be kept waiting. After that,' added the audacious scoundrel, 'we will examine the plate-chest, and see whether Pierre gave us a correct list of his *argenterie*!'

Jeannette, half-dead as she was with fear, still retained sufficient presence of mind to murmur a trembling acquiescence, and left the room to fetch the required liquor. Her mother-in-law was not yet in bed, and she had just time to whisper with white lips the state of affairs below, when the ruffian voices of the intruders shouted to her not to delay a moment in her errand.

'Monsieur! monsieur!' exclaimed Madame Dupont in a suppressed and trembling voice, shaking Henry Talbot, who was with difficulty awakened from profound and dreamless sleep; 'for mercy's sake rouse yourself!'

'What is the matter?' he cried at last, raising himself from his pillow, and regarding his strange visitor with astonishment. 'Why do you disturb me?'

'Hush!' rejoined the woman; 'do not speak so loud. Get up as quietly as you can whilst I go and open the back gate. I will return immediately.'

'You have been quick,' she said on re-entering. 'Now follow me on tiptoe.' He complied; and passing into an adjoining closet, saw and heard, unobserved, all that was going on in the inner apartment. Madame Dupont then led him back to the room in which he had slept.

'What is the meaning of all this?' he demanded in a hurried whisper.

'Robbery first; and next, there is little doubt, murder, to avoid detection! Two of them, I gather from their conversation, are escaped *forçats*!'

'Good Heaven!'

'You are an Englishman and a seaman, if I mistake

not?' said Madame Dupont, apparently misinterpreting, as she keenly perused his countenance, the emotion which the suddenness of the communication had elicited, 'and that is a designation which I have heard is seldom borne by cowards.'

'Cowards!'

'Pardonnez, monsieur. I perceive you are not a man to abandon a woman and a child to the mercies of such ruffians.'

'I trust not. Still, the odds are great, and it would be well for you to summon assistance.'

'You are armed!' interrupted Madame Dupont. 'I saw two small pistols by your bedside. Are they loaded?'

'They are, but'—

'Listen: we can both leave the house unperceived by this door, and if your English *sang froid* will enable you to act your part, all may yet be well.'

'Go on.'

'Farmer Girardeau's house is not distant across the fields much more than half a league: I will hasten there; and as he has horses, it will not be long before help arrives. You must amuse them till then.'

'Amuse them?'

'Yes: knock boldly at the door, and ask shelter for a short time to rest yourself. You understand?'

'I do. I will not abandon the young woman and her child in this terrible strait; but as gentlemen of the vocation of our friends yonder are not only extremely impatient of delay in such enterprises, but remarkably cunning in their generation, it will be advisable that you lose no time.'

Madame Dupont eagerly assured him that she would not lose an instant, and immediately set off.

The appearance of Mr Talbot excited, it will be readily supposed, not only the savage surprise of the three ruffians, but the unbounded astonishment of Jeannette herself, who was of course ignorant of her mother-in-law's stratagem.

'There is no room here for you, Monsieur l'Anglais,' exclaimed one of the fellows with a sinister scowl.

'Pardonnez, monsieur,' replied Talbot with a coolness which surprised himself, as he pushed a chair behind a table standing between him and the gang, and sat down upon it. 'The mistress of the house is the only person who has a right to say *that*; and unless she orders me out, here I shall remain till I have thoroughly rested myself.' He then took out his cigarette, lighted one, and began smoking.

'He crows well, ce galliard ci,' exclaimed one of the fellows. 'We'll see presently what he is really made of.'

The three then held a whispered conference, and some irresolution was perceptible in their demeanour. Talbot in the meantime took advantage of an unobserved moment to place his two small pistols, concealed by a handkerchief, on the table before him.

'We have private business to transact here,' said one of the fellows at last. 'How long do you propose remaining?'

'Not long. Half an hour perhaps, or a little more; during which,' Talbot added carelessly, addressing Jeannette, 'I could dispose of a good part of a bottle of wine, if madame could spare one?'

Jeannette, who still clutched her child in her arms, hastened with tottering steps to comply with his request.

'Will madame do me the favour,' said Talbot, who saw that Jeannette's strength was rapidly failing her, 'to take a glass with me?' The terrified creature mechanically swallowed the proffered glass. 'Another, madame—you look cold. Your health, messieurs,' he continued, himself swallowing a bumper. 'If my friend Girardeau,' he added with a meaning look at Jeannette, 'should call, as I expect he shortly will, tell him, if you please, that I am gone on.'

He was understood; and the blood which had been curdling at her heart rushed in an instant tumultuously

through her veins, and flushed her pallid cheeks with crimson.

Her look of gratitude and intelligence aroused the half-slumbering suspicions of the attentive ruffians, and Talbot, brave as he was, saw with a beating pulse that a deadly struggle, in which his chance of victory was slight indeed, was at hand. He started up, and passing his hand beneath the handkerchief, clutched the handle of one of the pistols.

'It is time this were finished!' shouted one of the fellows, and instantly hurled a bottle at Talbot's head. He missed his mark; and the furious assassin, brandishing an open clasp-knife, sprang madly at his anticipated victim. He rushed upon his death: the bullet from Talbot's pistol passed through his throat, and the curses he was vomiting were choked in his life-blood. He fell back with a frightful yell, and must have almost instantly expired. This unexpected result staggered for an instant the resolution of his confederates; but presently recovering from their momentary panic, they rushed fiercely towards their enemy. Talbot discharged his second pistol at the head of the foremost of them, but unfortunately missed his aim, and an instant afterwards was in the death-grips with the assassins; whilst Jeannette, rushing distractedly from the house, rent the night-air with her shrieks. Talbot was a powerful, active young man, and but for the villains' knives, might perhaps have succeeded in the mortal strife. He was at last borne to the ground, gashed with slight wounds in a dozen places: the bitterness of inevitable death, in the midst of youth and life, swept through his reeling brain, and then his senses failed him.

Before the triumphant wretches could raise a hand to despatch their victim, a shout and rush were heard near the door; in leaped Pierre Dupont and Jean Collas, and were in an instant grappling with the surprised scoundrels on the floor, whilst a volley of '*scoférate! coquins! voleurs!*' streamed in breathless fury from the lips of both Pierre and his man. When the gendarmes, who followed close behind, entered, they found the victory already won. The iron gripe of Jean Collas round the throat of his opponent, had it not been forcibly wrenched away by the officers, would soon have terminated his earthly career; and Pierre Dupont was battering the head of his vanquished enemy with his recovered bag of écus in a way that in a few minutes would certainly have left nothing to be desired.

Mr Talbot's wounds were not serious, and about a fortnight after the adventure he took leave of his grateful host and hostess, much weakened, indeed, by loss of blood, but otherwise in good health.

The '*Gazette des Tribunaux*,' which records the sentence of the court upon the captured miscreants—'*travaux forcés à perpétuité*' ('the galleys for life'); not certainly too severe a sentence—is silent as to the effect produced on Pierre Dupont's habits by the terrible lesson he had received. It can scarcely, however, one would think, have failed to cure him of the vice which, but for a remarkable accident, would not only have beggared his home, but have destroyed his innocent wife and child.

S A L E S.

At a literary soirée in London some years ago, where many of the now lost stars were present, and among them Thomas Hood, the conversation happened to turn upon antipathies. Instances of dislike to every existing object, from cats to roses, were quoted, when Hood at once surprised and amused the company by inquiring if any lady or gentleman present ever knew an individual who had an antipathy to bargains. Not a single example was recollected in the party, nor is it probable that one could be readily furnished anywhere; for in all classes of society mankind are proverbially bargain-lovers; and though a more than ordinary zeal on this subject has been attributed to the fairer portion of the

race, the 'razor employers,' as I once heard a belle designate the opposite sex, also manifest at times a strong relish for the very cheap. A warehouse advertisement, promising 'rich silks at less than muslin prices, and everything under prime cost, owing to peculiar arrangements for the special service of customers,' is itself a tolerably clear comment on bargain-loving and its uses. But in no corner of trade's extensive empire does this general propensity stand forth in such free relief as at those gatherings of the public known, and dear to all dwellers in towns, under the denomination of 'sales.' Roup and auction were the old-fashioned names by which our grandmothers knew and sought them; but in their days they were much less abundant than in ours—owing, as some say, to frequent panics, and others, to the progress of commercial arts.

Who that has resided for any length of time in a city has not been occasionally attracted to a sale, perhaps in hopes of a great bargain—perhaps to see what might be had if one could only spare the cash? The last-mentioned case certainly affords the best opportunity for observation. The expectation that sits on every face; the anxiety, especially of those in the background, to inspect the articles put up; the excitement of opposing bidders; the disappointment of those who have lost an unmistakably cheap lot; and the still deeper chagrin of some who have bidden too high, and hoped, till the hammer fell, that there might be somebody simpler than themselves: but, above all, the auctioneer, with his thousand modes of uniting amusement with business, and manœuvres to increase the returns—are things common enough, but well worthy to be seen among the pictures of life.

In the early part of the last century sales were reckoned among the chief attractions of London, the resort of its rank and fashion, and one of their grand resources against time—ever regarded as an enemy by that division of the unemployed. Fashionable people, indeed, still attend sales by way of business; but at that period the West-End world—wits, beaux, and belles—chronicled the sales as well as the balls of the season, and attended both with the same amount of small mortifications, petty triumphs, and occasional amusement. There Lady Mary Montagu heard whispered compliments from Pope, and court-scandal from Lord Hervey; there the Duchess of Queensberry displayed her rustic dress with yet more rustic manners; and there Horace Walpole was in his glory, though not alone, collecting gossip for his 'Letters,' and curiosities for the celebrated collection, which a sale in our own day has dispersed from Strawberry Hill.

In the current and familiar literature of those times, sales figure quite as conspicuously as the Italian Opera, or the artist, *par excellence*, does in ours. Addison and his contemporary writers make frequent mention of them as the haunts of fashion, and, naturally enough, the love of bargains appears to have been considerably stimulated by the prevailing mode. All who have read the 'Spectator,' the 'Idler,' and kindred publications, must be acquainted with the lady who bought everything that was cheap; for if not the crack, she is the standing character to personate that folly of the age. Her house, says the humble companion who acts as describer, 'is a perfect lumber repository, containing more old china, damaged crystal, and dilapidated chattels of all sorts, than would furnish any three houses of its size in London; yet there is not a chair safe to sit down upon, nor a table that could be warranted sound in the whole mansion. On Monday last the brocade settee fell under Mrs Heavyside, and Dr Slow heaved the soup over on his side of the company by planting his elbows on the table, in order to take his ease in wonted fashion at a friendly dinner [here, by the way, we have a trait of the manners of our grandfathers]; upon which Mrs Boyace remarked that it was a pity those things hadn't been repaired, for she got wonderful bargains of them; and though she didn't require it, thank her stars! yet she always liked

cheap things, and never left a sale without a lucky bid to bring home.'

There is one description of sale which certainly forms a novel and peculiar feature in the commerce of our age, and would have astonished the men of the Spectator—namely, those sales of autographs lately become so frequent in the British metropolis. Doubtless they originate in the popular demand for such articles. Everybody collects autographs now, and there is scarcely a family of the middle and upper rank that cannot boast a portable museum of its own in the form of an album, filled with those memorials of the celebrated which taste and energy have gathered from all quarters, and treasured among the regalia of the household for the inspection of the friends it delights to honour. Here trade has found a new channel of profit. Four pounds have been paid for one of Byron's notes regarding his intended duel with Southey; an epistle from Coleridge concerning his projected works has been knocked down at three guineas and a-half; a scrap of the correspondence between Sir Walter Scott and Ballantyne was esteemed a cheap lot at more than half the sum; and quite as much was bidden for an angry letter from the Ettrick Shepherd to one of his best friends, concluding with 'Yours, in much disgust.'

These small signs of our times, indeed, testify to a general acquaintance with literature, and a public interest in genius unfelt by earlier generations. Perhaps they also indicate the prevalence of that lionising spirit which rarely tends to promote either social respect or individual respectability. True it is that something of the show has always mingled with the regard or admiration of the multitude; and this fact is most objectionably evident in the public roup, as our Scottish parlance hath it, of the autographs of living notables. The occurrence is now by no means unusual, at least in London; and thus an order to a tradesman, a letter of business, or a note of invitation carelessly written in the ease of intimacy, or the hurry of pressing affairs, may become the representative of a poet or popular author to those who will see his personality through no other medium.

Speaking of the parliamentary reports which Dr Johnson, in what he called his 'hungry days,' furnished to the 'Gentleman's Magazine,' and for which that conscientious genius expressed his repentance so frequently in more mature and prosperous years, a friend once remarked that the speech of a certain member there given was far superior to any he had afterwards uttered. 'Yes, sir,' responded Johnson; 'it was a good speech, for I made it one night in a garret in Grub Street.'

Let the purchasers of autographs lay this moral to heart, for these articles also could be made in garrets, though, as the auctioneer observed, 'When a man takes a thing for *genewin*, he bids for it all the same.'

The mention of an auctioneer reminds one of that prince of the order, the late well-known Robins. Sales of pictures and objects of virtù can still command a fashionable attendance, but those at which he officiated were peculiarly attractive, owing to the display of his professional abilities. Never was there a greater master of the selling art—one that could better support the excitement of a sale, or lure wary bidders into its vortex. It was in the disposal of relics that he shone to the highest advantage. Once, when auctioning the effects of Barry O'Meara, Napoleon's Irish surgeon, he chanced to come upon a tooth of the Emperor, long preserved by its admiring extractor. Suddenly Robins paused, as if overwhelmed by an idea of the greatness of the bargain; and then looking round on the crowded sale-room, exclaimed, 'Ladies and gentlemen, a tooth, a real tooth, of the conqueror of mankind! Make me an offer, some of you, for pity's sake, for a simple man like me can't know what to ask for such a treasure.' On another occasion, when there was presented such a supply of articles, said to have had the same distinguished owner, that the interest flagged, and the sale was getting rather dull, he put up a silver teapot as one of the best lots; but there was no responsive bidder. Robins looked first

into the utensil, and then at the door, by which some ladies were making their exit, as he shouted, 'Oh, ladies, ladies, the Emperor's very teapot!'

In the 'Adventures of a Guinea,' a work of the Smollett school, abounding with racy though coarse humour, there occurs the description of an auction-scene, in which Puff, one of the coin's temporary masters, sets up a china jar as an Egyptian antiquity—recommending the pattern to the notice of antiquaries for the abstruse hieroglyphics it contained, and relating impromptu the history of its migrations through various climates, till, to use his own words, 'it was taken from the Spaniards by that Heaven-born admiral who taught the cowardly Dons to tremble at the name of an Englishman.' A sagacious lawyer once gave his opinion that, next to the bar, the auctioneering business was best calculated to sharpen the wit and blunt the conscience; but he charitably added, 'It is not impossible to preserve some conscience in either trade.'

Leaving this question aside on the judge-not principle, it is certain that considerable wit is occasionally exhibited by the orators of sales. I remember an Irish auctioneer, who, having the contents of sundry bankrupt toy-warehouses to dispose of, and a more than usually cool and cautious attendance, after exhausting his tact and eloquence in vain to enliven the bidding, and knocking down model railways and tumbling-Jacks at ruinously low prices, at last put up a specimen of that article known to the juveniles as Noah's Ark. 'Here, ladies and gentlemen,' said he, 'is Noah and his whole family—Shem, Ham, and Japheth:' still there was no bid: 'besides all kind of beasts and brutes,' continued the auctioneer in an under tone, casting an unmistakable look on the recussant bidders.

Even in sober Scotland there is sometimes good cause for laughter in assemblies collected by the red flag at the door which announces bargains within. In the recent season of failure and panics, an auctioneer, when disposing of the collected remnants of more than one milliner's stock, was obliged to sell a few soiled and crumpled caps, which both shopkeepers and purchasers seemed to have left neglected for years in some dusty corner. Of course his praise of their beauty and usefulness rose in proportion to the improbability of their sale, and he expatiated to such good purpose, that one of them was actually sold at more than twice its value. 'Hand me up that other jewel,' said he, addressing his attendant, and a still dirtier cap was produced; but it unfortunately suffered from a rent which the auctioneer did not at first perceive. 'Ladies,' he began, 'this is a perfect gem; an article of real taste; the true Parisian cut: only examine it for yourselves.' Here his eye caught the rent, and he observed that the nearer customers saw it too; but nothing daunted, he looked through the hole at them, and added, 'A transparent diamond it is too, I declare!'

The skill which extracts bids rather than smiles seems more especially the aim of the Scottish auctioneer. It might be presumed that the task is one of more than ordinary difficulty north of the Tweed; but in spite of the long-ascended caution of the land, the love of bargains, which is at least as strong there as in most countries, sometimes affords ample scope for his talents.

I was once present at a sale of furniture where a somewhat ludicrous case in point occurred. The room was unusually crowded, and the bidding had been brisk; but a large old-fashioned chest of drawers was at length offered, in which no one seemed to take any interest. The auctioneer of course enlarged on all its supposable excellences, directed attention to the size, soundness, and durability of the article, and eventually a low voice from the heart of the crowd gave a bid, but little below its actual value. The orator tried to get up opposition, but in vain; and after repeated declarations that he would sell if there were no advance, the hammer came down. With its descent came a squeak from the opposite end of the room, offering two shillings more. 'Was ye in time, man?' demanded the auctioneer. 'Yes, and it's

mine,' replied a shrill whisper. 'Then, ladies and gentlemen,' he continued, 'this splendid article must go up again, for justice is the motto of the sale.' Up it went, and the woman's offer was followed by a still higher bid from the man, who seemed to be determined on having the drawers; but she was equally resolute, and advanced proportionally. The contest was left to the pair, and they continued to bid against each other, being mutually irascible, till the drawers rose to a price considerably above that of their pristine beauty and fashion: then the deeper voice was silenced; and the lady, having the last word, was declared the purchaser. The crowd opened a way to her prize; but as she advanced, a respectable-looking artisan from the centre exclaimed in a most rueful tone, 'Oh, Maggie, is it you? Guid life, woman, I wud hae had them an hour syne at thirty shillin' less!'

Were it not that something of the excitement found in games of chance is connected with it, the anxiety and forgetfulness of value evinced by rival bidders would be wholly inexplicable. Auctioneers perfectly understand this chief charm of their business, which alone accounts for the prices obtained at times for even inferior articles under their administration. In the late sale at Stowe, one of the greatest affairs of the kind that has taken place for many years, by which the entire furniture of a ducal palace, collected by generations of nobility, has been dispersed through a thousand dwellings of almost every class and capacity, a pair of candlesticks were, after a fierce competition, knocked down at L.38, which a silversmith present declared, not without demonstrations of regret, he had fabricated for the noble proprietor at the cost of L.20; and a silver cup was bought at L.19 which had been originally purchased at L.9!

So much for bargain-seeking! But with all my recollections of sales arise the words of an old moralist: 'My friend, life is like a sale, where Hope is the auctioneer, and your powers and opportunities are the means to bid withal. As they are limited, you can buy but proportionate articles. Believe that all of them will be extolled to you above their actual value; that many of the most eager bidders will find time to repent their purchase; and beware that you expend not too much on what may prove a sorry bargain.'

MRS CHISHOLM.

NEVER was there a period at which the public mind was more deeply stirred by the question of emigration than at the present moment. While hundreds of vessels, freighted with our self-exiled countrymen, are speeding their way across the Atlantic or the Southern Ocean, our principal ports swarm with people of all classes and conditions in life, who, pressed by poverty, or stimulated by the love of enterprise, are about to abandon their native soil for some other land more rich in promise and in hope. Alike at the cottage fireside and in the drawing-room circle are discussed the relative advantages of Illinois and Canada, of New Zealand and Australia; and many a thoughtful mind is intent upon plans for the comfort and wellbeing of those who, in their far-off homes, must ever share our kindly interest and our truest sympathy.

Among the practical benefactors of our emigrant countrymen stands pre-eminent Mrs Chisholm, whose efforts in their behalf have been not yet remarkable for their success than for the gentle yet persevering wisdom with which they have been pursued.

It has often been observed that no really great work was ever achieved save by those who had concentrated the whole power of their minds on its accomplishment. The truth of this remark is strikingly illustrated in the history of Mrs Chisholm, whose very earliest day-dreams abounded with thoughts of suffering emigrants rescued by her care from difficulties and dangers. In a letter to a friend she thus describes her first attempt at colo-

nisation, which was carried on in a wash-hand basin before she was six years old :—

'I made boats of broad beans; expended all my money in touchwood dolls; removed families, located them in the bed-quilt, and sent the boats, filled with wheat, back to their friends, of which I kept a store in a thimble-case. At length I upset the basin, which I judged to be a fac-simile of the sea, spoiled a new bed, got punished, and afterwards carried out my plan in a dark cellar, with a rushlight stuck upon a tin kettle; and, strange as it may seem, many of the ideas which I have since carried out first gained possession of my mind at that period; and, singular as it may appear, I had a Wesleyan minister and a Catholic priest in the same boat. Two of my dolls were very refractory, and would not be obedient; this made me name them after two persons I knew who were always quarrelling, and I spent hours in listening to their supposed debates, to try and find out how I could manage them: at length I put the two into a boat, and told them if they were not careful they would be drowned; and having landed them *alive*, I knelt down to pray to God to make them love each other.'

'The child is father to the man;'

so says one of the greatest and most philosophical of our modern poets; and so it has proved with regard to the lady of whom we now write. In the childish anecdote just related may be traced the germ of those principles which have guided her conduct through life amid very trying and perplexing circumstances. Calmness and decision in the management of the refractory—catholic-minded charity, embracing alike all who need her succour, without any attempt to sway their minds for sectarian purposes—together with unfeigned reliance upon the blessing of Almighty God to prosper her philanthropic endeavours—such have been the features most observable in Mrs Chisholm's character during the many years which she has devoted to the service of her fellow-creatures.

Soon after her marriage with Captain Chisholm of the Madras army, we find her commencing in that presidency her career of active benevolence. The position of the soldiers' daughters seemed to her fraught with peril, and she became earnestly desirous to withdraw them from the idle levity of a barrack life, and to impart to them some useful knowledge, which might render them more worthy and happy members of society in after-life. With this view she established a school and boarding-house, under the name of 'School of Industry,' which proved so successful in its results, that some even of the soldiers' young wives begged leave to place themselves for a while under her superintendence, and share her instructions. Through the liberal assistance of Sir Frederic Adam, the governor of Madras, and the kind aid of other influential persons at the presidency, she was enabled to establish an institution which has since acquired a permanent character, and at the present moment affords a sheltering home to many of the orphans of our brave soldiers in the East.

After a residence of several years at Madras, the failing health of Captain Chisholm required a temporary change of abode; and accordingly, in the year 1838, he removed to the more genial climate of New South Wales, whither he was accompanied by his wife and infant family. Scarcely were they fixed at Sydney, when Mrs Chisholm's active mind was engaged in seeking for some opportunities of benefiting the poor emigrants who were then crowding to the colony. Much as she valued systematic plans of benevolence, yet she was far too wise and practical a person to remain with folded hands until some *great work* were given her to accomplish. Accordingly, on her first arrival in a strange land, where her sphere of influence was necessarily a very contracted one, she turned her attention to a band of poor Highland emigrants who had landed in that far-off country without money, without friends, and without even a knowledge of the English language, which was

spoken by all around them. Their stout hearts seemed to quail at the thoughts of the hopeless struggle which evidently awaited them. Mrs Chisholm lent them money to buy tools, and advised them to cut firewood for sale; she cheered their fainting spirits by kind words and wholesome counsel. Gladly did they listen to her, and gratefully accept her aid. So humble was the commencement of that arduous course of service which was subsequently pursued at Sydney by this friend of the emigrants!

Early in 1840 Captain Chisholm was obliged to rejoin his regiment in India, but it was arranged that Mrs Chisholm and her youthful family should, for a time, fix their residence near Sydney. Family cares did not so far engross her as to prevent a continuance of charitable effort in behalf of the emigrants; and among those who shared her warmest sympathy were the young persons of her own sex, who at this time were arriving in great numbers at Sydney, where but too many of them found themselves exposed to all the miseries of a homeless and unprotected state. Mrs Chisholm resolved on opening a sort of temporary home for some of those destitute beings. This was, however, too great an enterprise to be accomplished by her own unaided resources; accordingly, she decided on attempting to enlist the sympathies of the wealthier classes, as well as to secure the support of the colonial government in this good work; but she found herself at once beset by difficulties, and chilled by the indifference of those to whom she appealed for aid. We have a graphic picture of her early struggles in a pamphlet which she published some years ago, entitled 'Female Emigration Considered.' She says, 'I wrote in January 1841 to Lady Gipps, and from that time never ceased my exertions. I knew that every ship's arrival would increase the necessity of such an institution. I prepared my plan: for three weeks I hesitated: as a woman, and almost a stranger in the colony, I naturally felt reluctant to come forward. I was impressed with the idea that God had in a peculiar manner fitted me for this work, and yet I hesitated. Meanwhile I did all I could to aid young women who applied to me; but the number increased, and I saw that my plan, if carried into effect, would serve all. On Easter Sunday I was enabled, at the altar of our Lord, to make an offering of my talents to the God who gave them. I promised to know neither country nor creed, but to try and serve all alike without partiality.'

'Things were wearing a most favourable aspect, when even some of my first-promised supporters withdrew their pledges. It is a remarkable fact, that at the very time the Protestants* were afraid of my Popish plot, several of the leading Catholics had withdrawn their support. I could have done without help, but this continued opposition wearied me. Two gentlemen, one a Roman Catholic clergyman, called on me, and begged me to give it up.

'From the hand of a friend came a missile of great strength. I felt it deeply. No other person in the colony could have thrown more serious obstacles in my path.'

The words given above in italics refer to the conduct of a dignitary of her own church, who, not content with private exhortations, published a letter in the 'Sydney Herald' condemning the proposed institution, and speaking very slightly of Mrs Chisholm as a lady who was 'labouring under amiable delusions.'

* It is pleasant to record the issue of her correspondence with one clergyman, who at first declined forwarding her plans, from an apprehension that the institution would prove a proselytising one, but on farther explanation writes thus:—'Your frank and straightforward avowal of the objects you aim at, and the means you will use for the attainment of those objects, disarm suspicion. The assurance in your note that you will not follow or be led by the agents of an ecclesiastical party, but that you will pursue steadily the good of the whole of the emigrants who may come under your care, referring in matters of religion to their respective clergy and teachers, induces me to offer you very cordially whatever support I am able to afford. I beg to enclose L2 as a donation.'

Disapprobation expressed in such a quarter staggered her resolution, and disposed her to pause a while before taking any further step in the business. While in this painful and perplexed state of mind, a slight incident occurred which at once confirmed her in the benevolent design of establishing an 'Immigrants' Home' at Sydney.

This was a rencontre with a girl who was about to drown herself. Having saved that girl, 'my spirits returned,' writes Mrs Chisholm: 'I felt God's blessing was on my work. From this time I never thought anxiously about human help. I neglected no steps to conciliate; I increased my exertions; but from the hour I was on the beach with Flora, fear left me.'

The governor, Sir George Gipps, who had hitherto left Mrs Chisholm's written representations unattended to, at length consented to have an interview with her; and expecting to see a starched, elderly person, was agreeably surprised when a handsome and somewhat youthful lady was ushered into his presence. But although favourably impressed by the appearance, as well as by the conversation of Mrs Chisholm, the governor yielded a slow and reluctant consent to her intreaty that a certain government store, of very rude construction and moderate dimensions, might be appropriated to her use as an Immigrants' Home. In the pamphlet already quoted we find a vivid picture of the difficulties she had to encounter in the commencement of her work there. These are her words:—'At length consent was given that I should take possession of part of the Immigrants' Barrack. On closing the door, I reflected on what I had been compelled to endure for fourteen feet square. My first feelings were those of indignation that such a trifle should have been so long withheld; but better feelings followed. I determined to trust to Providence to increase its size, and prove my usefulness. I soon observed, to do any good, I must sleep on the premises; and as soon as Mr Merewither was aware of my determination, he gave me the best room then vacant. I cannot say vacant, for it was used as a store-room. This was, however, cleared for my accommodation; and having been busy all day, I retired wearied to rest. But I was put to the proof at starting. Scarce was the light out, when I fancied a few dogs must be in the room, and in some terror I got a light. What I experienced in seeing rats in all directions I cannot describe! My first act was to throw on a cloak, and get at the door with the intent to leave the building. I knew if I did this, my desertion would cause much amusement, and ruin my plan; I therefore lighted a second candle, and seating myself on my bed, kept there until three rats, descending from the roof, alighted on my shoulders. I knew that I was getting into a fever, and that in fact I should be very ill before morning. But to be outgeneralled by rats was too much. I got up with some resolution: I had two loaves and some butter (for my office, bedroom, and pantry were one); I cut it into slices, placed the whole in the middle of the room, put a dish of water convenient, and with a light by my side, I kept my seat on the bed reading "Abercrombie," and watching the rats until four in the morning. I at one time counted thirteen, and never less than seven did I observe at the dish during the night. The following night I gave them a similar treat, with the addition of arsenic; and thus passed my four first nights at the Home.'

Among Mrs Chisholm's trials connected with the establishment of the 'Female Immigrants' Home,' was the necessity of parting with her children at night, as it appeared absolutely necessary that for a time at least she should sleep under the same roof with her protégées. At first she resolved on keeping the youngest with her at night, and describes thus the termination of her maternal struggle:—'Some sickness among the children in the tents told me plainly my duty; still, I would not, could not, give him up. . . . At night, as was usual with me, I saw the girls after they retired to rest. Ninety-four were in that dwelling. I asked if

they had any place to go to if I turned them out: not one had a place of shelter. On my return to the office, I found a poor woman waiting for a white gown to make her *dead bairn* decent. I went into my room, packed up my little fellow's wardrobe, and the next day he was under the honest care of Miss Halvin at Windsor. This was the last sacrifice it was God's will to demand.'

The evidence of Mrs Chisholm before a committee of the House of Lords (in 1847) on Irish colonisation yields us the following interesting information concerning the progress of her work at Sydney:—'After obtaining possession of the building, which I named the "Female Immigrants' Home," I appealed to the public for support. After a time this appeal was liberally met. The "Home" becoming crowded, the majority of the inmates being most fit for rough country work, I proceeded into the interior, to form committees, and to establish country "Homes," taking in some cases parties of females with me. When I commenced taking them up the country, I had to meet in the first instance their travelling expenses, which were afterwards refunded. The inhabitants of the district cheerfully supplied them with food; the committees afforded them protection and advice. I took them to Campbell-Town, Maitland, Liverpool, Paramatta, and Port Macquarie. The first parties of young women varied from fifteen to sixty in number. I went from farm to farm, getting them places in service. I quickly disposed of the first venture, and then returned to Sydney, after having made arrangements for the establishment of country depôts. I also got married families to promise shelter and protection to such young females as might require it.

'At the time labourers were required in the interior, there was an excess at Sydney, supported at government expense. I undertook journeys of three hundred miles into the interior with families. The farther I went, the more satisfactory was my settlement.

'When the public had had an opportunity of judging of the effect of my system, they came forward and enabled me to go on. The government contributed in various ways to the amount of about £100. I met with great assistance from the country committees. The squatters and settlers were always willing to give me conveyance for the people. The country people always supplied provisions. Mr William Bradley, a native of the colony, authorised me to draw upon him for money, provisions, horses, or anything I might require. The people met my efforts so readily, that I had no necessity to draw upon him for a sixpence. At public inns the females were sheltered, and I was provisioned myself, without charge. My personal expenses during my seven years' service amounted to only £1, 18s. 6d.

'Numbers of the masters were afraid, if they advanced the money for their conveyance by the steamers, they would never reach the stations. I met this difficulty, advanced the money, confiding in the good-feeling of the man that he would keep to his agreement, and to the principle of the master that he would repay me. Although in hundreds of cases the masters were then strangers to me, I only lost £16 by casualties. Some nights I have paid as much as £40 for steamers and land conveyance.

'From first to last, I have been the means of settling 11,000 souls. . . . I established an office in Sydney, where all persons that required service used to attend in the morning from ten till four. My object was always to get *one* placed. Having succeeded in getting one female servant in a neighbourhood, I used to leave the feeling to spread. With some persuasion, I induced a man to take a servant, who said that it would be making a fine lady of his wife. The following morning a neighbouring settler said, "You are quite upsetting the settlement, Mrs Chisholm. My wife is uncommonly cross this morning, and she says she must have a servant, and I think she has a right to one." It was among this class that the girls married best. If they married

one of the sons, the father and mother would be thankful; if not, they would be protected as members of the family. I have been able to learn the subsequent progress in life of many hundreds of these emigrants. Girls that I have taken up the country in such a destitute state, that I have been obliged to get a decent dress to put on them, have come again, having every comfort about them, and wanting servants. They are constantly writing home to get out their friends and relatives.

'I should not feel the interest I do in female emigration if I did not look beyond providing families with female servants—if I did not know how much they are required as wives, and how much moral good they may do as wives in that country.'

In the above extracts from Mrs Chisholm's evidence before the House of Lords, we have in her own words a brief statement of the nature and success of her work in New South Wales. Let us now take a glance at her in one or two of her enterprising journeys in the bush, surrounded by emigrants of all ages, whose hardships and difficulties she shared in without a single murmur of complaint. Sometimes, when part of the journey was to be accomplished by steam-vessels, Mrs Chisholm explored the bush on foot; but her usual mode of travelling was on horseback, and many a time her night was passed in a rude covered cart, which, during the day, served as a carriage for the younger children of the party. On one occasion she is described to us by one who met her as effecting the passage of a wide swampy stream by dint of the most patient perseverance—bearing across upon her own steed two children at a time, until all were safely passed. At another time, when there were thirty women and children in her train, no water was to be found, and she was beset by the cries of children and the complaints of women. Some of the emigrants came up to her and said in a discontented tone, 'Mrs Chisholm, this is a pretty job! What must we do—there is no water?' 'I knew,' she writes, 'that it would not do for them to be idle—anything was better than that in their frame of mind; so, partly judging from the locality, I said to them without hesitation, "If you will dig here, I think you will find water." Directing the tools to be got out, they immediately set to work, and, by a good Providence, they had not dug many feet when they came to water. This had such an exhilarating effect upon their spirits, that they instantly threw off their coats, began to dig two other holes, and did not leave off till moonlight.'

It has been already said that during these journeys in the bush food was readily supplied for the travellers by those who were already settled in the country; but such grants were necessarily to be sought after, and Mrs Chisholm was not only the leader, but also the commissary-general of her forces. While the emigrants were still asleep in their camp, this indefatigable lady might be seen, before the break of day, driving along in a gig, whose charioteer was a prisoner from Hyde Park Barracks, and collecting provisions for her emigrants amongst the neighbouring settlers.

Manifold were the services performed by Mrs Chisholm in her capacity of the Emigrants' Friend; and in one of her publications, entitled 'Pictures of Australian Emigrants,' she has given some very graphic sketches of her official life at Sydney. She received many applications from young women who professed to be governesses, but were utterly incompetent for such a situation. Among others came M— R—, who offered herself as nursery governess. 'I found,' writes Mrs Chisholm, 'that she could neither read, write, nor spell correctly.'

"Can you wash your own clothes?"

"Never did such a thing in my life."

"Can you make a dress?"

"No."

"Cook?"

"No."

"What can you do?"

"Why, ma'am, I could look after the servants; I

could direct them: I should make an excellent house-keeper."

"You are certain?"

"Yes, or I would not say so."

"Do you know the quantity of the different ingredients wanted for a beefsteak-pie of the size of that dish, and a rice-pudding of the same size?"

"Oh no, ma'am—that's not what I meant: I'd see that the servants did it!"

It need hardly be said that the capabilities of this applicant were deemed less highly of by Mrs Chisholm than by herself: but the difficulties she had to encounter from employers were not fewer than those which she had to bear with from the employed. She tells with much spirit the management she used with a most impracticable lady, whose interviews with the new-comers would be somewhat of the following sort:—

'Mrs O. Can you make up a room very neat?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Girl. Yes, ma'am.

Mrs O. Can you work well at your needle?

Girl. I can do plain work neatly.

Mrs O. (Looking at her hard from top to toe.) After a pause—Ah, you won't do; it's a thorough servant I want.

'Day after day did she repeat this; and when it had occurred for at least the twentieth time, I went into my own room, mustered over in my mind her different objections to different girls, and came at last to a conclusion and a decision.

'The same evening I received a cargo of sixty girls, one of them a parish pauper, her hair not combed, her face not washed, her clothes looked as if she had first jumped into, and then slept in them, her features and figure quite justifying the name she had earned from her shipmates of "Little Scrub." A gentleman who was present at the time said, "I suppose you intend her for the bush?" I answered, "There is a place for everybody in this world, and I think I have had one waiting for her several weeks past." The following morning came the fastidious Mrs O., and I saw at once that, while reviewing the late arrivals, her eye fell with peculiar complacency on Little Scrub.

'Being rather afraid that I could not keep as grave a countenance as the gravity of the affair required, I thought it best to call Mrs O. into my own room, and told her that I had a girl that would suit—"not a good servant, but a good girl." I then called in Little Scrub and the following dialogue took place:—

Mrs O. Can you wash?

Little Scrub. (Staring wildly.) Wash, marm!

Mrs O. Can you cook?

Little Scrub. Cook, marm!

Mrs O. Can you make a bed?

Little Scrub. Make a bed, marm!

Myself. Will you do all this lady bids you?

Little Scrub. Oh yes, marm.

'Mrs O. looked at the poor girl with the scrutinising and pleased air of a connoisseur in front of a fine dusty picture, and her countenance glowed with satisfaction.

"I will take the girl," said she: "I daresay she will turn out a good servant. Oh, Mrs Chisholm, you've not been long in this colony: it takes years to know it. You will make the agreement for six months. (With a deep sigh.) Oh it is such a comfort to have something a little repulsive!"

Many other details of great interest might be given concerning Mrs Chisholm's arduous work in New South Wales, but our space is nearly filled up; and we shall only mention that, in addition to her ordinary labours, she undertook in 1845-46 the task of collecting a mass of useful information regarding the history and prospects of settlers in that colony; and with a view of obtaining the most authentic and satisfactory accounts concerning them, she travelled into the bush, and collected several hundred biographies, some of which, we understand, have been published under the title of 'The

Voluntary Information of the People of New South Wales.' In one of those letters which she has printed since her return home, she tells the public that the facts in question were 'sometimes taken down in their own dwellings, sometimes on the roadside, and sometimes in the ploughed field, having the plough for her table.'

But the time approached for Mrs Chisholm's removal from that colony where her presence had been a source of untold blessings to thousands of her expatriated fellow-countrymen. Early in the year 1845 she had been rejoined by her husband, who, far from checking her ardour, had aided her in her labours of love among the emigrants. But it became advisable for them to return to their native land. Accordingly, towards the close of 1846, they took their departure from New South Wales; not, however, without having received a public testimonial of the high esteem in which Mrs Chisholm was held by the inhabitants of that colony, and of their deep gratitude for her services. It is impossible to have read the preceding pages without perceiving that all her exertions were prompted by a far higher principle than the desire for human applause; and yet, to a genial, kindly nature like hers, these marks of reverential love could not be unwelcome.

It will readily be supposed by those who have thus far traced out Mrs Chisholm's course in Australia, that her patient and persevering zeal was not likely to fail so long as life and strength were granted her to labour in behalf of emigrants; and so it has proved; for in her present home at Islington, all the energies of her mind are still devoted to the important object of bettering their condition. Many of our readers are doubtless familiar with the letters she has addressed on this subject to the public through the medium of the press; but few of them can divine how systematic and self-denying are the daily acts of her life, having the same noble object in view. But we forbear, for it is not well to gaze too pryingly upon domestic life, even when the glance is a friendly and an approving one. Let us rather aim, each in his narrow sphere, to comfort and aid those who are about to leave the land of their fathers and fix their home upon a distant soil, remembering they are our brethren, and that—

'No distance breaks the tie of blood—
Brethren are brethren evermore.'

LATIN VERSIFICATION FOR THE MILLION.

A FEW years ago (1845) considerable interest was excited in the London circles by the public exhibition at the Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly, of a machine, constructed, I believe, by the celebrated German mechanician Professor Faber. This machine, when set in motion, composed Latin hexameter lines or verses of faultless prosody. The lines were not, as might be supposed, an unmeaning collection of dactyles and spondees, arranged according to rule, similar to what are termed in some of our classical schools *nonsense verses*; but each line conveyed a meaning in good grammatical Latin. Almost any number of different lines, it was said, could be ground out of the machine; so that by its aid the most illiterate person could produce thousands of Latin verses which, for correctness and purity, were unassailable by criticism! Solomon has said 'there is nothing new under the sun;' that observation, though perhaps not exactly applicable to some of the devices of the present age, may nevertheless be quoted when speaking of the Latin verse-making machine, it being to Solomon's 'wise saw' a corroborant 'modern instance.'

Amusing myself lately by examining an old arithmetical school-book,* while wondering and pondering over the very great pains taken by the school authors and dominies of the olden time to make the acquisition of knowledge as difficult as possible to the youth of those days, I found in a note that a certain 'John Peters

(Sep. 29, 1677)' had 'distributed' the letters of some Latin words into tables, and 'entitled the piece Artificial Versifying; whereby any one of ordinary capacity, though he understands not one word of Latin, may be taught immediately to make hexameter and pentameter verses—true Latin, true verse, and good sense!' Who or what John Peters was I do not know, neither have I met with any of his writings; but from the clue obtained, I, with a little trouble, succeeded in arranging the following tables, by which any one who merely knows the letters of the alphabet, and can reckon as far as nine, may make good and correct Latin hexameter and pentameter verses. This no doubt reveals the secret of the machine previously alluded to, it being highly probable that these or similar tables were used in its construction. I have neither ingenuity nor yet any acquaintance with mechanical art, still I cannot help surmising that the machine was constructed on the principle of the barrel organ; the tables being arranged on barrels, in a similar manner as notes of music are set on the barrels of that not very melodious instrument.

HEXAMETER.

Table I.

T I P H A M B L E u
g c o s a a u f r n
x r p r r f b e s
r e t b i c i a i l
r i a a d z d m d a
a r a a a * a a * a

Table II.

f s d b v s e s t a
i a e i i a c c e t g
m l n a s o l a n n
l e t t r a a a a a
l r r t * * * * a
a a a *

Table III.

a f p t d p p p f e
o a u o a u a e q r
t i m t t l r u i f
s i c o a u i s * *
* t * m n * * * *
* * * t

Table IV.

p p p p p m p p p r
r r r r r o r r f o o
o o o n o c o m m r
t d e g n m o i l e
u t i a u n t t n c
r g r l s a t d u a
n r g t n u n u n b e
a a r t n n t u n n
n a * t t * n t t t
n * * * * * t

Table V.

t p p v l f a o s e
o r o u g g r i m o
m r m d m l d p u l
b i c i m e o l i e
n r n i r r a a r a
a a n a a * * a *
* a

Table VI.

d s q a p m d n s u
m u c r u l i o r p
m e a l r g v a e d
r v t a r a * * a b
a a * a * * m a

PENTAMETER.

Table I.

T A P I S I T T N o
r e m o m r u o t d
r p r p i r x r u f
r d i s p i a i o
i a t i a c a d b d
* i a * a * a a a *

Table II.

p p c p p c e s p r
r o r e o o i r s e
n e r n n g o s e c
d f s g n c t o l i
i u l i u a r u c o
m o f r b i d u i m
m i a u b u n u a e
c n n u n t n n r a
t t n t t t t a n *
* * * * n t * *
* * * * t

Table III.

d a v v d f l a a u
c l e i a a r r t
n r c o b m t a a a
b t t r a r * * * a
a a a *

Table IV.

d p p n c s m s m o
u r c r u o i a l d
o f u p l n l o e t
a e e c i i s n c n
n r s a g a d r d t
b t t n * a v a a a
a r a * * * * *

Table V.

n a t v s m m v m o
l i c e a i i v i
b r i a l d h i l i
i o * i o i * s *
* * * a

The rule for composing hexameter or pentameter verses from their respective tables is simply this:—Select any one of the first nine (*capital*) letters in Table I, the letter chosen, with every subsequent ninth letter in that table, will form the first word; then take any one of the first nine letters in Table II, and every subsequent ninth letter in the same table to form the second word; proceed in like manner through the tables; Table VI in the Hexameter, and Table V in the Pentameter, furnishing the last word of the line or verse; asterisks, where they occur, must be counted as well as the letters. For example, suppose we take the first letter in Table I,

* Arithmetic. In Two Parts. By Solomon Lowe. London: 1749.

Hexameter—namely, *T*—the ninth letter from it, counting from left to right, is *u*; the next ninth *r*; the next ninth *b*; and so proceeding, we form the word *Turbida*. Suppose we then take the first letter of Table II—namely, *f*—and by the addition of every subsequent ninth letter in that table we form the word *fata*; and so, by taking the first letters of each, and proceeding in the same manner through the remaining tables, we obtain the line—

Turbida fata sequi premonstrant tempora dura.

In just the same manner, the first letters taken from each of the five pentameter tables give—

Tetrica prastabant dura dolosa novi.

Again, suppose we take the fourth letter in each table, which makes in hexameter—

Horrida bella tula protendunt verbera acerba :

In pentameter—

Improba prediciunt verba nefanda viris.

One more example: suppose we take the seventh letter of Table I, the fifth of Table II, the ninth of Table III, the sixth of Table IV, the eighth of Table V, and the sixth of Table VI, we obtain in hexameter—

Barbara vincla ferunt monstrabant crimina multa :

In pentameter—

Tristia perficiunt astra superba mea.

I think, from these examples, the reader will find no difficulty in extracting the verses. Persons unacquainted with the powers of numbers may be surprised to learn how many different verses may be obtained by the permutations and combinations of the letters in the above tables. As any of the first nine letters, combined with their subsequent ninth letters, in each table, form a word, and as there are six tables for hexameters, we find by a short calculation— $9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 \times 9 = 531,449$, the number of different verses that can be extracted from that table. The Latin scholar can still more vary the lines, for, as he will readily perceive, most of the words in the first and sixth may be transposed with those of the fifth and second tables. Again, as there are nine words in each of the five pentameter tables, by a similar calculation we find that they contain 59,049 different lines or verses, making in all 590,490 different lines that can be obtained from the two sets of tables. The writings of Virgil number not more than 13,016 lines, so these tables could furnish forty-five volumes, each as large as the complete works of Virgil, and 4771 lines over. I fancy I can hear the reader exclaim, '*Cui bono?*'—'What is the use of all this?' I can only reply, that the construction of these tables helped to wile away from me some tedious hours of lassitude and ill health: perhaps in their present form they may afford a similar benefit to another.

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

RICE AND DAHL.

Rice, the chief food of perhaps one-half of the human race, is comparatively little used in this country. It has a certain reputation as something 'light' for the sick-room and nursery, and appears on our tables in the form of puddings, and in the confectioners' shops in the form of buns; but, upon the whole, it seems to be considered of little substantial importance. Of late years, in consequence of the failure of the potato crop, it has come a little more into use; but the working-classes do not take kindly to it. They consider it a poor substitute even for the potato, and demand something more nourishing. Returned Anglo-Indians, on the other hand, who have been accustomed to it in Asia, use it not only in curries, but in meat dishes of every kind, from plain roast and boiled to the most delicate *hors d'œuvres*. The fact seems to be, that the poor dislike it merely on account of its insipid taste, which they have neither the skill nor the opportunity to enrich.

The Hindoo has a different name for this useful plant in all its different forms and stages. The plant in the field, and the grain in the husk, are both styled *dhaum*; but let it be cleaned and winnowed, and thereby reduced to the form in which it reaches us, and it becomes *chawul*. Again, the chawul boiled becomes *bhaat*, and this is the staple food and staff of life to the Bengalee. On the Malay coast the rice has a similar diversity of names: in the husk the grain is called *padi*; divested of it, and boiled, it becomes *nassi*. Rice is cultivated all over India, in China, and in the Oriental islands, as well as in America. In Persia it is prized for *khooshha* and *pillau*. The Peshawur rice is most highly esteemed in India, both on account of its flavour and the large size of the grain—about half an inch in length. In Calcutta this variety is sometimes sold at the rate of a shilling a pound; but it may be doubted whether in flavour it is superior to the Carolina rice now so well known in this country. The size and beauty of the grain, indeed, appear to have little to do with its quality: we have known wealthy Anglo-Indian families who used in preference the broken, dark-looking Bengal rice, so cheap and common in England.

In the hands of the Bengalee confectioner rice assumes a variety of shapes and guises, some of them not very attractive to the eye of a European. The grain is sometimes steeped and flattened. The *mouris* looks like our bonbon, but is light and crisp, being parched in an earthen pan, on dry leaves of trees. The *lawas*, again, is like driven snow, as white and pure, but also as light and insipid. In other confections it is prepared with sugar and treacle, but an Englishman would find the names of them almost unpronounceable, nor is it easy to write them in our character. With milk or cream, it is called *kheer*, and is one of the standard dishes at a Hindoo feast; and when cooked with a little camphor and pounded cardamum, a delightful flavour is given to the rice. In religious sacrifices rice is indispensable. It is also used in charms and ordeals, such as chewing dry rice in cases of theft, as noticed in a former Journal. For the same purpose—that of detecting a delinquent—it is put into ants' holes in the shape of balls, each ball representing a suspected individual; and he whose ball is first eaten by the ants is held to be the culprit.

What we wish specially, however, to draw the reader's attention to, is the Indian dish formed by a mixture of rice and dahl. The latter is not the name of any particular plant, but is applied to a cooked mess of any pea or vetch, of which there are a great variety in India. The grains are divested of the husk by the same sort of primitive handmill which is alluded to in Scripture, when it is said 'two women shall be grinding together, the one shall be taken, and the other left.' At early dawn, we have often, while passing through a village on a march, heard the not disagreeable whirring of these mills, with which they also grind wheat, accompanied by the singing of the women, and marvelled how little the Hindoo had deviated from his antique customs.

The principal sorts of vetches used for dahl are the following:—The *moonj* or *moongh*, the most delicate and expensive; the *maas*, which, although coarse, is used in sacrificing to the gods—it is also used for feeding horses, and when boiled, is reckoned a cheap and fattening diet for that animal; and the *mussoor*, which is of a beautiful pink colour after its brown husk is ground off. This is probably the same lentil for a mess of which the famished but generous and noble-hearted Esau sold his birthright to his younger brother. The Eastern females use the mussoor made into a cataplasm when they wean their children. With their abstemious habits it answers well as an absorbing remedy, but for a European constitution it is too inflammatory.

While the above and most of the other vetches are low and tender plants, the *urhar* aspires to the character of a shrub, growing to the height of six feet and upwards; and although an annual, has very much the appearance of our broom, having a profusion of yellow blossoms.

Dahl is also sometimes made of *chauna* or *gram*, which may occasionally be seen in this country, as sea-captains often have it in their ships as food for their live stock. In India this grain is used in all the stables of Europeans as food for their horses, being sometimes steeped in water, and sometimes parched and ground with a mixture of barley. It is reckoned highly nourishing, and wrestlers and other *athletes* often train themselves on a diet of gram. The leaf of the plant has an agreeable acid taste, and a peculiar smell. Parrots delight in, and are sometimes very destructive to it.

All the species of dahl which I have named have papilionaceous flowers, some of them as pretty as our sweet-pea, though generally smaller. The word *dahl* is probably derived from the verb *dalna*, 'to pour;' the dahl, when mixed up with saffron, onions, and chillies, being boiled into a soft pap, and poured over the rice. It is sometimes flavoured with tamarind or a green mango; and thus cooked, is no despicable dish.

Hedgerie is a compound of dahl and rice boiled together. This may be called a *hasty dish*, and really the aroma of the pea and rice, combined with the various condiments, is enough to sharpen any appetite. With Europeans on a march, it is a favourite dish for breakfast. In former days, the Hindoo widow, if she refrained from becoming a Suttie, was doomed to eat hedgerie, and nothing but hedgerie, during the days of her weary widowhood, and it was to be prepared by her own hands without salt or condiment, and eaten only once a day; perhaps this penance has been abolished or modified, since widows are no longer allowed to burn themselves with their husbands. In the upper provinces of India dahl is eaten with wheat cakes, as in the lower with rice. Dahl, in fact, is not only savoury and nourishing, but possesses aperient qualities, which counteract the opposite tendency of the wheat and rice.

In this way the ingenious Hindoos enrich the insipidity of their rice, even without the aid of meat; and in this country, where it is now becoming a kind of rage to press vetches of all kinds into the service of the table, we think a useful hint may be gathered from the Indian practice.

TIDINGS FROM THE GOLDEN CITY.

[The following is copy of a letter from an officer of a merchant ship at San Francisco, dated 22d October 1849, addressed to his father in Zetland:—]

'The world is turned upside down here altogether. Seamen's wages are 150 dollars per month; labourers get seven dollars per day; and Jack is as good as his master. Ships innumerable are lying here without a soul on board—all gone off to the diggings. The climate is beastly. Fever and ague abound, and dysentery carries off thousands. There is a population of 25,000 in this town, and only about one hundred tolerable houses; all the rest are hovels, mere sheds; and the greater part of the population live in tents, and sleep on the bare ground. It's a miserable place, though they speak of dollars as you do of pence in Shetland, and of ounces of gold as you do of half-crowns. Still, with all their money they cannot obtain a comfortable meal or a comfortable lodging. Gambling is carried to a frightful extent. The amount of drunkenness exceeds belief. As soon as the vessel is discharged, we proceed to Tahiti. Of the hundreds of ships that left England in February, not one has yet arrived. They will be nearly as good as lost to the owners, and the shippers of the goods will be ruined, for goods of all sorts are now lying rotting ashore. The crews will all desert, and men wont be found to man them again at any price. A vessel left this for France the other day with seamen at 1400 dollars for the passage to France. The diggings are of more than 100 miles extent, and gold will be found there in plenty as long as men can be found to go and dig for it, or rather look for it, for it is found in the rocks and stones, which must be broken up into dust, and sifted in water through a sieve. It is

also found in lumps in the streams and bogs with which the gold country abounds. The said country is about 100 miles to the north-east of this place, which lies in north latitude 37 degrees 48 minutes, and west longitude 122 degrees 27 minutes. There is one continual fog hovering over the town. I am sure if I went to live ashore, I would die in a month. There have been no robberies nor murders this long time. The law is summary. When a man is caught at any mischief against the lives or property of the people, half-a-dozen or so of the nearest people hold a court-martial over him; and if they think he is guilty, they hang him up to the nearest tree. Such summary proceedings have frightened the evil-disposed, and now the people are quieter, and more honest than any other set of ragamuffins. To-day I saw about twenty come down from the diggings with about 400 ounces each. They had been there four months. The small vessel they were in came across our bows and got foul of us, and I went down to them, and had a yarn with them. Each had his gold dust in four worsted socks. One fellow said he would either have double or none by that time to-morrow. I asked him what he meant, and he said he would stake each sock upon a single card. Such are the people here. I can't afford to have any clothes washed here, for it costs eight dollars (L.1, 12s.) per dozen, and I can buy a dozen white shirts at that price.'

CONFORMITY.

It is hard to say in what department of human thought and endeavour conformity has triumphed most. Religion comes to one's mind first; and well it may, when one thinks what men have conformed to in all ages in that matter. If we pass to art or science, we shall see there too the wondrous slavery which men have endured—from puny fetters, moreover, which one stirring thought would, as we think, have burst asunder. The above, however, are matters not within every one's cognisance; some of them are shut in by learning, or the show of it; and plain 'practical' men would say, they follow where they have no business but to follow. But the way in which the human body shall be covered is not a thing for the scientific and the learned only; and is allowed on all hands to concern in no small degree one-half at least of the creation. It is in such a simple thing as dress that each of us may form some estimate of the extent of conformity in the world. A wise nation, unshod by superstition, with the collected experience of peaceful ages, concludes that female feet are to be clothed by crushing them. The still wiser nations of the West have adopted a swifter mode of destroying health, and creating angularity, by crushing the upper part of the female body. In such matters nearly all people conform. Our brother man is seldom so bitter against us as when we refuse to adopt at once his notions of the Infinite. But even religious dissent were less dangerous and more respectable than dissent in dress. If you want to see what men will do in the way of conformity, take a European hat for your subject of meditation. I dare say there are twenty-two millions of people at this minute each wearing one of these hats in order to please the rest. As in the fine arts, and in architecture especially, so in dress, something is often retained that was useful when something else was beside it. To go to architecture for an instance—a pinnacle is retained, not that it is of any use where it is, but in another kind of building it would have been. That style of building, as a whole, has gone out of fashion; but the pinnacle has somehow or other kept its ground, and must be there, no one insolently going back to first principles, and asking what is the use and object of building pinnacles. Similar instances in dress will occur to my readers. Some of us are not skilled in such affairs; but looking at old pictures, we may sometimes see how modern clothes have attained their present pitch of frightfulness and inconvenience. This matter of dress is one in which perhaps you might expect the wise to conform to the foolish; and they have. When we have once come to a right estimate of the strength of conformity, we shall, I think, be more kindly disposed to eccentricity than we usually are. Even a wilful or an absurd eccentricity is some support against the weighty commonplace conformity of the world. If it were not for some singular people who persist in thinking for themselves, in seeing for them-

selves, and in being comfortable, we should all collapse into a hideous uniformity. It is worth while to analyse that influence of the world which is the right arm of conformity. Some persons bend to the world in all things, from an innocent belief that what so many people think must be right. Others have a vague fear of the world, as of some wild beast which may spring out upon them at any time. Tell them they are safe in their houses from this myriad-eyed creature: they still are sure that they shall meet with it some day, and would propitiate its favour at any sacrifice. Many men contract their idea of the world to their own circle, and what they imagine to be said in that circle of friends and acquaintances, is their idea of public opinion—'as if' to use a saying of Southey's, 'a number of worldlings made a world.' With some unfortunate people the much-dreaded 'world' shrinks into one person of more mental power than their own, or perhaps merely of coarser nature; and the fancy as to what this person will say about anything they do sits upon them like a nightmare. Happy the man who can embark his small adventure of deeds and thoughts upon the shallow waters round his home, or send them afloat on the wide sea of humanity, with no great anxiety in either case as to what reception they may meet with! He would have them steer by the stars, and take what wind may come to them. And in all things a man must beware of so conforming himself as to crush his nature, and forego the purpose of his being. We must look to other standards than what men may say or think. We must not abjectly bow down before rules and usages, but must refer to principles and purposes. In few words, we must think not whom we are following, but what we are doing. If not, why are we gifted with individual life at all? Uniformity does not consist with the higher forms of vitality. Even the leaves of the same tree are said to differ, each one from all the rest. And can it be good for the soul of a man 'with a biography of its own like to no one else's,' to subject itself without thought to the opinions and ways of others: not to grow into symmetry, but to be moulded down into conformity?—*Friends in Council.*

HALFPENNY SAVINGS AND PENNY BENEFICENCE.

The Report for 1849 has been sent to us of a savings' bank established by some wise and benevolent persons in the poor district of Killiney in Ireland. The society offers no inducement by way of premium, but merely affords to the poor man a convenient place of security for the deposit of anything he may be able to save—were it but a halfpenny—out of his weekly earnings. 'At the close of this its first year of trial, its managers are much gratified in being enabled to report that no less a sum than £11, 7s. 8½d. has been received in weekly deposits of one penny and upwards, from depositors among whom are found persons earning on an average only *nindepence per week*. Of this money, saved by gathering up the fragments, that nothing be lost, the sum of £6, 3s. 7d. (the greater part of which, we may confidently assert, only for this society, would never have yielded any return of comfort to its improvident possessors) has been expended either in payment of rent, or the purchase of warm, useful clothing; leaving a balance now in the hands of the treasurer of £3, 4s. 1½d.' In the same district a Penny Contribution Fund was raised in 1847, for the purpose of employing aged persons, in that season of scarcity, in spinning yarn. 'Out of the yarn spun at this industrial school of aged and destitute women, 226 webs of cloth have been manufactured since its commencement, three years ago, which has led to the disbursement of £450. Of this sum, two-thirds, or the sum of £300, have been circulated among the infirm and helpless in the neighbourhood. Sixty-four spinners, poor and aged persons, utterly unfit for any other work, have been receiving the wages of industry during the above-mentioned period; which, together with 12 weavers employed, makes the number 76 deriving benefit from the fund.'

DRINKING AT MEALS.

It is injurious to drink much at meals. Those who take a large quantity of liquids during dinner generally eat more than those who take less. The sensation of thirst depends upon the quantity of aqueous fluid circulating in the blood. It has been found by physiologists that the most severe thirst of animals is appeased by injecting watery fluids into the blood. A moderate quantity of liquid should be taken at dinner; too large a portion acts inju-

riously by diluting the gastric fluid. Persons whose diet is more animal than vegetable require more liquid during their meals. Drinking before a meal is pernicious, whilst by drinking during a meal the digestive process is promoted. Those who eat fast require more drink than do others, for, as Dr Philip says, 'the food is swallowed without a due admixture of saliva, and forms a dry mass in the stomach.'—*Winslow's Health of Body and Mind.*

THE STORMS AND STARS OF MARCH.

BY THE REV. JAMES GILBORNE LYONS, LL.D.

HARSH is the voice and loud the war
Of storms in that ungenial time,
When, leaving southern lands afar,
The sun wakes up our northern clime.
The long white surges of the deep
Then break on every walling shore,
And, foam'g down each rocky steep,
The mountain torrents rage and roar.

Like rapiers driven with vengeful thrust,
On breast and brow the cold winds beat,
And rushing hail, or troubled dust,
Sweeps the rough road and echoing street:
The groaning woods are bleak and bare,
The violet slumbers yet unseen,
And those wide fields and pastures wear
No welcome tint of early green.

But God, with all a Father's love,
When earth thus reft of beauty lies,
Reveals, in blazing pomp above,
The wonders of His radiant skies:
Look thou on night's refulgent arch,
When that rude hour thy gladness mars,
And thou shalt find, in raging March,
The month at once of storms and stars.

For lo! the great Orion burns,
Descending in the cloudless west,
And red Arcturus now returns,
Beaming at eve, a sacred guest.
Far up, in circles broad and bright,
The Bear and Lion move and shine,
While Sirius lifts his orb of light,
And fills our hearts with thoughts divine.

Thus, ever thus, when storms arise,
And all is dark and joyless here,
He sets before our longing eyes
The glories of that lofty sphere:
When sorely tried we grieve alone,
Or sink beneath oppression's rod,
He whispers from His starry throne,
'LOOK UP, OH MAN! AND TRUST IN GOD.'

MUSICAL SPIT.

The most singular spit in the world is that of the Count de Castel Mario, one of the most opulent lords of Treviso. This spit turns 130 different roasts at once, and plays 24 tunes; and whatever it plays corresponds to a certain degree of cooking, which is perfectly understood by the cook. Thus a leg of mutton, *à l'Anglaise*, will be excellent at the twelfth air; and a fowl, *à la Flamande*, will be full of gravy at the eighteenth; and so on. It would be difficult perhaps to carry further the love of music and gormandising.—*Newspaper paragraph.*

Just Published, Price 1s. 6d.

IN FANCY-COLOURED BOARDS,

CHAMBERS'S PAPERS FOR THE PEOPLE. VOLUME I.

Also Part II., Price 7d.

Published by W. & R. CHAMBERS, High Street, Edinburgh. Also sold by D. CHAMBERS, 20 Argyle Street, Glasgow; W. S. ORR, Amen Corner, London; and J. M'GLASHAW, 21 D'Olier Street, Dublin.—Printed by W. & R. CHAMBERS, Edinburgh.